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A  
MISCELLANY  
OF  
P O E M S.

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Written by Mr. G. J A C O B.

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L O N D O N:

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TO HIS GRACE THE  
Duke of *WHARTON*.

*My LORD,*

**Y**OUR Grace's Merit can in nothing be more particularly Illustrated, than in the Preamble of His Majesty's Patent lately pass'd, conferring on You those great and new Honours You so entirely Deserve; I therefore, tho' it be unusual to Dedicate in Poetry, present Your Grace with the following Lines, being a Paraphrase only on what his most-Excellent Majesty has thought fit to Express.

*By mighty GEORGE with pleasure you are view'd,  
We see his former Friend in you renew'd,  
Your Eloquence on the Hibernian Shore  
Attention drew, Young WHARTON all adore;*



*Each Speech surpriz'd! the Energy and Stile  
Shew'd WHARTON the Mæcenæ of our Isle,  
Adorns your sprightly Genius, still the Truth,  
The Statesman, Patriot, Senator, in Youth;  
In you we find a matchless Excellence,  
The Wit of Wilmot, and Great Cowper's Sense.*

*Go on young Prince, a Father's steps pursue,  
Have still your glorious Ancestors in view,  
Your Country's Int'rest in your Bloom support;  
Let WHARTON be an Ornament at Court;  
By Merit gain'd, Be this your great employ  
To shine amidst those Titles you Enjoy;  
To Liberty your Inclinations bend  
This all your Predecessors did Defend.  
Tho' you are truly Noble in Descent,  
Your Virtues only win the Government:  
As your great Parent Justice always weigh'd,  
( By this alone a WHARTON's to be sway'd. )  
When the Succession of the Brunswick Race  
In Albion's Tracts, alas was in Disgrace!*

*Oblig'd*



Oblig'd his Councils, and his force of Wit,  
The Courtier taught, with Reason, to submit ;  
His steady Mind a Faction did Repel,  
He shew'd what those could Do, who dar'd do well.

Great GEORGE soon WHARTON in the Peerage rais'd,  
The Statesman by his Native Country prais'd,  
This only part of Favours he Design'd,  
Rewarding Merit with a gen'rous Mind :  
But ah sad Fate ! Britannia is Depriv'd.  
Yet hold — the Father's in the Son Reviv'd,  
In you Descended from a Patriot's Loins,  
We view with Joy the Father's great Designs,  
Your Antient Stock had still a glorious Cause,  
No Ancestor but who a Patriot was ;  
O ! may it be by Pow'rs above Decreed,  
That nought but Patriots in your Line succeed ;  
That Truth and Vertue, as in you, combine,  
And what is Good and Great in fair Britannia shine.

*So Virtuous Cato in an Age long past,  
A pleasing Eye on Youthful Juba cast,  
Numidia's Prince, of sprightly WHARTON's frame,  
Just Liberty ador'd and Cato's Name,  
Nor was he by the Godlike Chief disdain'd,  
Great Cato's Favour he deserv'dly gain'd.*

I beg your Grace's Pardon for my weak attempt in these Lines, and likewise for my very great boldness in Dedicated the following Performances to a Person of your consummate Wit and penetrating Judgment, but your Grace is not unsensible, that the Muses are always aspiring and presumptuous; And as I am perfectly a Stranger, not only to your Grace, but to the whole Nobility of the Kingdom (it being customary for Personages of Distinguish'd Capacities to be address'd upon these Occasions) I hope you'll Pardon my Presumption, which your superior Merit has occasion'd from

*My Lord,*

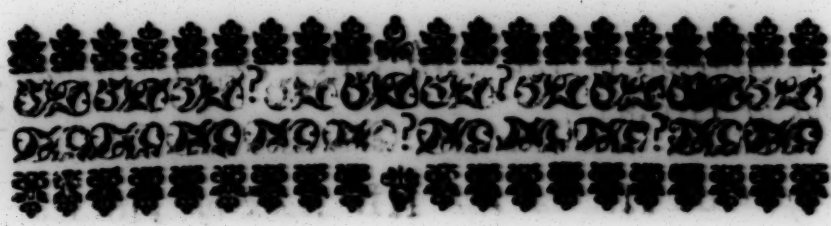
*Your Grace's*

*Most Devoted*

*Humble Servant,*

Giles Jacob

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THE  
COURT BEAUTIES:  
A  
POEM.

Inscrib'd to her Grace the Duchess of *Bolton*.

**I** Sing of Beauty, O! ye Gods inspire  
My Youthful Muse, raise high my tuneful Lyre;  
To trace the Beauties of our glorious Clime  
From early Annals, to this shining Time,  
Let my weak Muse in various forms Display,  
My vent'rous Genius bids me haste away.

But hold ! the Task's unfit for Infant Bard,  
 The Theme too Noble, and the Work too hard,  
 Some Sacred Pen alone has Right to claim,  
 Whose Thoughts Sublime would Emulate in Fame,  
 Yet must I venture, Insolent desire  
 No longer dubious kindles into Fire.

And here Great BOLTON you invite my Muse,  
 Your form Divine, I you the Model chuse ;  
 All lovely Charms which grace the beauteous Line  
 Are BOLTON's due, great Duchesse they are thine.

When the Third EDWARD *England's* Scepter sway'd  
 Plebeians happy and their Lord obey'd,  
 When *English* Arms in *Gallia* were rever'd,  
 And the *Black Prince* was like a *Marlbro'* fear'd,  
 When Royal Grandeur reach'd the distant Main,  
 And Arts grew famous, as in BRUNSWICK's Reign:  
 Then beauteous *Sa'sbury* with her matchless Charms  
 The King enslaves, his am'rous Bosom warms ;  
 The



The force of *Cupid* reach'd his panting Heart;  
 His Flame prevail'd and Love fill'd ev'ry part;  
 He doubtful strove to seize the vertuous Prize,  
 She reigns Triumphant and his Suit denies;  
 His Royal Favour still regardless lies:  
 All these great **B O L T O N** are allied to you,  
 Like *Rosamond* beauteous, and like *Salisbury* true.

The next fair Female in the Rolls of Fame  
 Is *Gray's* fam'd Relict, a Majestick Dame,  
 Her Charms the mighty *Edward* long ador'd,  
 (The sweets of Beauty are by all implor'd)  
 At *Grafton's* Mannor he successless lay,  
 A Cynick Vertue was the beauteous *Gray*,  
 Her soft Excuses rais'd his Noble Love,  
 The vanquish'd *Edward* with his Passions strove;  
 His longing Eyes survey'd the charming Fair,  
 He strait assum'd the winning Lover's Air;  
 The beauteous *Gray* his pow'ful Charms withstood,  
 Yet He a Monarch, and She Flesh and Blood;

For *Edward's* Bed the beauteous *Gray's* too mean,  
 And too, too Pious for his Concubine,  
 Th' admiring Monarch on her Truth relied,  
 His Lovesick Soul decides the Dame his Bride ;  
 Great *Gallia's* Daughter he Disdain'd at last,  
 With *Gray* the beauteous he Espous'd in haste.

My Muse now forwards to the Bullying Reign,  
 Nor Pride nor Envy had long dormant lain ;  
 The pompous *Henry* boldly treads the Stage,  
 ( And *Gallia's* tracts submit to *Tudor's* Rage )  
 Now Fav'rite *Cromwel* met a direful Fate,  
 He blameless fell to awful *Henry's* Hate.  
 Th' unstable *Tudor* from his Church dissents,  
 The Cause of *Rome* disdainfully relents :  
 The Papal Pow'r with Vengeance is releas'd,  
 And Abbeyes soon in Dissolution ceas'd.  
 But what this Monarch thro' his Pride begun,  
 By Great *ELIZA* was with Vertue done.

This

This was the Age, forgive, ye Fair, forgive  
 My wandering Muse when I my Subject leave,  
 To shew the Times when spotless Beauty shin'd,  
 And Vertue grac'd great *Anna Bullen's* mind ;  
 This Heav'nly Fair one fill'd the Royal Bed,  
 But lustful *Tudor* is to Changes led,  
 The Vertuous *Anna* to fresh Beauty yields  
 Like od'rous Flowers in the lovely Fields ;  
 She suffer'd calmly, on the Scaffold bore  
 The vengeful *Harry's* Wrath, and wallow'd in the  
 (Gore.

Next, beauteous *Geraldine* my Muse Retains,  
 She *Surrey's* Charms, tho' not his Lyre, disdains ;  
 Her num'rous Beauties made the Statesman sing  
 His Muse Inspir'd, which soar'd on lofty Wing ;  
 He left his Charmer with a sad regret,  
 The hapless Youth a Death untimely met.



I now advance to Pious EDWARD's times,  
 When sprightly *Wiat* beautified our Rhimes;  
 When youthful EDWARD *Britain's* Scepter sway'd,  
 And Rights Devolv'd were rightfully Convey'd,  
 This blooming Monarch, who thus early fell,  
 Styl'd by Great *Cardan*, *Nature's* Miracle;  
 His shining Vertues his lov'd Subjects won,  
 He finds no Equal but in BRUNSWICK's Son.  
 This Prince entomb'd, the faultless Lady Grey  
 Inglorious fell the Tyrant *Mary's* prey:  
 A Reign of Bloodshed and of Wrath succeeds,  
 Learn'd *Cranmer's* Stak'd, and Noble *Suffolk* Bleeds,  
 But fam'd ELIZA soon ascends the Throne,  
 Religion shines, and Heav'nly Joys show'r down.

My next attempt is Great MARIA's Praise,  
 Ye Powers above assist my feeble Lays,  
 Let now my Muse in various shapes be seen  
 Profuse in praise of NASSAU's Heav'nly Queen.

MARIA'S

**MARIA's** Beauty could a *Hellor* move,  
 The Martial Soul excite to tender Love;  
 Her Heav'nly Face and Snowy Bosom fir'd,  
 Nor less her Temper than her Form admir'd;  
 Her Person stately ( with a Presence grac'd )  
 Like *Venus* form'd, and yet a Princess chaste;  
 To Goodness still the Royal Fair enclin'd,  
 All gay Delights to Piety resign'd.  
 Ah cruel Fate! to which such Beauty falls,  
 A dire Disease her youthful Life recalls;  
 Horrour o'ertakes the Dark tremendous Night,  
 When Bright **MARIA** from her Lord took flight;  
 Distinguish'd Beauty with Reluctance yields,  
 Nor Youth nor Vertue have from Death their shields:  
 So fairest Peaches when in early bloom  
 By Frosts inclement meet a Fatal Doom,  
 They Languish, Fade, and are untimely crush'd,  
 Their Parent Earth consumes them into Dust:

O! here I falter at a SPENCER's Loss,  
 Cou'd ought but Death a glorious MARLBRO' cross?  
 Thou spiteful Agent to the lovely Fair,  
 Such Vertue sure deserv'd a Heav'nly care?  
 Thus transient Beauty with a SPENCER falls,  
 She quick Relinquishes when her Creator calls.  
 And BERKLEY, BERKLEY! I thy loss explore;  
 The beauteous BERKLEY is alas! no more.

Thus have I view'd the Beauties in the Grave  
 They lie neglected; I my subject wave,  
 On living Charms my gladsome Muse shall be;  
 And CAROLINA I advance to thee;  
 Forgive my tow'ring Muse, too weak to grace,  
 Or praise the Beauties of an ANSPACH Race;  
 Illustrious Princess of *Britannia's* Isle,  
 Kind Heav'n beholds Thee with regardful smile;  
 Your form Majestick, and your graceful Mien  
 Admir'd by all, Describe the future QUEEN;



'Tis you're the *Helen* of this shining Age,  
 Your Beauty's pow'rful, and your Smiles Engage ;  
 Your Royal Vertues shall unshaken stand  
 A lasting Blessing to this factious Land.  
 Near you the Fair ones of a tender Date  
 My Muse command, and my fond Lyre Elate ;  
 Their inborn Vertues, and their Charms unfold  
 The pleasing Forms are of a Heav'nly Mould ;  
 The beauteous Females of a BRUNSWICK Line,  
 Thro' *Europe* fam'd, shall still with Luster shine.

To famous MONTAGUE I now repair,  
*Britannia's* Pride, 'tis you're the matchless Fair,  
 Your shining Tresses the Beholders move,  
 Divine your Looks, your Shape invites to Love ;  
 On beauteous MONTAGUE the Heav'ns dispense  
 A *Jennings's* Sweetness, and a *Churchill's* Sense.

Fam'd DORSET's Beauties next I must admire,  
 DORSET alone a subject for my Lyre,  
 Exact your Features, beauteous is your Skin,  
 But these are Trifles to the Worth within;  
 A Soul unblemish'd, and untainted Mind  
 In DORSET center, She's a Fair refin'd.

Next, lovely HINCHINBROOK appears to view,  
 Your various Beauties I shall now pursue,  
 Your easie Airs the manly Soul invite,  
 And num'rous Charms afford the Swain delight;  
 Sweet in your Temper, nor profusely Gay,  
 In praise of Thee I could for ever stay.

To COWPER's Fair now my fond Lyre proceeds,  
 A Female's Life compleat in blameless Deeds;  
 Genteel your Carriage, to Inferiors kind,  
 Vertue alone adorns fair COWPER's Mind;  
 O happy Female in the vertuous Train,  
 Nor shall thy Charms great COWPER e'er Disdain  
 Now

Now famous **SHREWSBURY** 'tis you Command,  
 Your Charms prevail'd in a far distant Land,  
 Both *Rome* and *Gallia* have your Fame approv'd,  
 In Foreign Climes his Grace's Breast you mov'd ;  
 By pleasing Airs the Noble Peer you gain'd,  
*Italian* Modes by **SHREWSBURY** are maintain'd.

Neglectful Muse! **St. ALBAN** not address'd,  
**St. ALBAN**'s Ducheſs by the Court careſs'd,  
 Your Perſon Stately, pleaſing is your Air,  
 Your Shape inviting, and your Features fair ;  
 With **CAROLINA** you have chief Command,  
 And Goodneſs flows from fair **St. ALBAN**'s hand.

Next, *Honour's Maids* adorn the ſplendid Court,  
 Where beauteous Females in a Train reſort ;  
 Amidſt the Graces **CAROLINA** ſhines,  
 But wounding Charms ſhe to herſelf confines.



Here in the Front fair **BELLANDINE** appears,  
 Your matchless Charms each gazing Youth reveres,  
 Exact your Shape, your Skin a snowy white,  
 Your ruddy Cheeks attract the greedy sight;  
 A group of Charms in **BELLANDINE** we find,  
 A beauteous Form, but a more beauteous Mind.

What Pen can pay the Praise to **MEDOWS** due,  
 So Fair, so Young, and so Religious too?  
 The gay Delusions of the Court you slight,  
 And Vertue only can your Soul delight:  
 Disrob'd of Pride and ev'ry vain Disease,  
 You **CAROLINA** only seek to please.

**LAPEL** the Modest next my Muse surveys,  
**LAPEL** that merits a superior praise,  
 Genteel your Person, your Complexion sweet,  
 In you alone all tempting Beauties meet;  
 Your form Engaging is my Muse's care,  
 And fam'd **LAPEL**'s a captivating Fair.

The

The beauteous H o w I can with pleasure view,  
 Your Carriage easie, and your Converse new;  
 Gay as the Morn, Delightfom is your Air,  
 Like Snow your Skin, and Auburn is your Hair.  
 'Tis you compleat the Beauties of my Song,  
 Harmonious Airs still Warble on your Tongue.

S M I T H close pursues with a regardful show,  
 And shines Auspicious in the beauteous Row;  
 Thy Beauties num'rous pow'rfully can Charm,  
 Each single Feature the Beholders warm.  
 And youthful C A R T A R E T Genteely Gay,  
 O! may thy blooming Beauties late decay.

Next, stately H O W A R D, you're a Fair inspir'd,  
 Your Wit and Sense are like your Charms admir'd.  
 On C L A I T O N, S E L V I N, I should praise bestow,  
 Nor can forget fair T I T C H B U R N, P O P E, and R O W.

ARGYLE the beauteous now commands my Muse;  
 Nor can my Lyre surpassing Charms refuse;  
 When once the Hero WARBURTON had view'd  
 He falls her Victim, who had all subdu'd.

And next GODOLPHIN I thy praise assume,  
 Thy Lovely Beauties are in early Bloom;  
 New pleasing Charms diffuse thro' e'ery part,  
 With force they Ravish great NEWCASTLE's Heart;  
 The fav'rite PELHAM is by Fate design'd,  
 The happiest Husband to thy Charms confin'd.

Let now my Muse its utmost skill prepare,  
 To sing the Beauties of one *German* Fair;  
 SCHULENBURGH's Charms all *Britain's* Youth's sur-  
( prize,  
 Ten Thousand *Cupids* basking in her Eyes,  
 He only 'scapes her Wounds who wisely flies.



Of Royal Blood here charming H I D E is seen,  
 A Female beauteous of a lovely Mien,  
 Her snowy Bosom, and her Looks enslave,  
 A form compleat H I D E bounteous Heav'n has gave  
 Nor ROXBOROUGH, PORTLAND, shall my Pen disdain,  
 COOKE, POULTNEY, WALPOLE, and a num'rous  
 (Train.

Now, I have trac'd at Court, the Beauties down  
 Survey'd the Toasts of this delightful Town;  
 Illustrious BOLTON I return to Thee,  
 Forgive my Muse, vouchsafe to shine on me,  
 Excuse my Lyre which soars on Infant Wings,  
 Your num'rous Beauties and your Vertue sings;  
 'Tis Charms distinguish'd fix my yielding Theme,  
 And you fam'd Duchesse the perfections claim,  
 Like WALE's sweet Princess in the Lists of Fame.  
 So famous *Kneller* shews a Piece compleat  
 Where various Beauties to his Pensil sit;

Their

Their charms describ'd, He with a Genius warm  
Portraits a *Venus* in her Heav'nly form,

I next attempt ( my forwad Muse to please )  
To view fair BOLTON late beyond the Seas ;  
Methinks I see *Europa's* Princes lie  
At your fair Feet, and for your Beauties die ;  
Fruitless their Toils, your chaste and vertuous Soul  
Their fond Intrigues can in a trice controul.

But hold my Muse ! can my weak Pen pretend  
To trace your Vertues, or your Beauties end ;  
Or view your Lord with IRELAND's mighty Trust,  
Great in the Court, a Noble Statesman just ;  
No ! vain the Task, I therefore shall implore  
Your Grace's pardon, and attempt no more.





# CUPID'S FESTIVAL;

OR,

## The Battle of the Gods.

**A** Day there was when *Cupid* made a Feast,  
For Heav'nly Guests; a plenteous Table  
( Dress'd,

The Goddesses and Gods invited were

In Pomp his Grand Repast prepar'd to share;

Th' Etherial Tribe compos'd a glitt'ring show,

And thus they Cavalcaded in a Row.

D

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D

Great

Th' almighty Jove first, with Imperial Crown  
 Proclaim'd the Rule of Heaven to be his own,  
 With Bolt of Thunder in Tremenduous Hand,  
 The Heav'nly Host obeying his Command;  
 Awful his Looks, Majestical his Gate,  
 Attendance num'rous at his Elbow wait.  
 The stately JUNO, on her Lord attends,  
 The shining Fair now lowly condescends;  
 In Pearls and Gold this Goddess was array'd,  
 Celestial Diadem on her lovely Head.  
 Close at the Heels of JUPITER serene  
 With soaring *Eagle*, MERCURY was seen.  
 Next fam'd APOLLO with a Look deprest  
 Advanc'd in form, intollerably drest,  
 Threadbare his Coat, his Hat of largest size  
 Unrig'd, hung down, conceal'd his piercing Ey  
 The inward Dress alone 'tis he adores,  
 And Wisdom only that this God implores.



With him the fam'd MINERVA there appear'd,  
 The Heavenly Host this Goddess much rever'd,  
 In her Right Hand a Book, and Rules of Art  
 The Left employ'd, both Misteries impart.  
 The mighty MARS next follow'd in the Train,  
 Austere his Looks, and swelling with Disdain;  
 In Coat of Mail like Warriour was he clad,  
 A mighty Feather on his Aged Head,  
 A Burnish'd Shield, and Sword of matchless size,  
 With Dress Equip'd the whole World to surprize:  
 But beauteous VENUS melts him to delight,  
 The Hero's ravish'd at her charming sight,  
 A sporting Smile on MARS's Brow is seen,  
 Inspir'd his Breast with Love of Beauties Queen;  
 Of stately size, Delightful was the Dame,  
 Her Shape and Mien conspiring to Enflame,  
 Fine curling Tresses her white Shoulders grac'd,  
 Of Flowers Coronets on her Head were plac'd,

Airy her Dress to Females here unknown,  
 Around her Waist Silk Drapery was thrown,  
 Emboss'd with finest Gold her Garment new,  
 Her snowy Breasts and Neck expos'd to view,  
 To sight appear'd her fine shap'd Legs and Thighs,  
 Nought but her Waste confin'd from Human Eyes.  
 On VENUS fair the beauteous *Graces* wait  
 With CUPID's Flags unfurl'd, advanc'd in state;  
 The billing *Swans* and *Turtle* near her sit.

BELLONA next in state her presence made,  
 In Scarlet Cloth Embroider'd she was clad.  
 Next, follow'd BACCHUS, round his shining Head  
 In form of Crown, were vinous *Grapes* bespread.  
 The Mighty NEPTUNE now to sight appears,  
 Amidst the Tribe his ruling Trident rears,  
 With num'rous *Tritons* waiting his commands,  
 Here bowing low a fair Sea Goddess stands,  
 There stately Nymphs lay prostrate at his Feet,  
 With pompous Slaves he shews his Empire great.

The chaste **D I A N A** now proceeds in fight;  
 And fam'd **A S T R Æ A** Patroness of Right.  
 The Goddess **T H E M I S** with her poising Scales  
 And flaming Sword, shews Justice yet prevails.  
**N E M E S I S** black with hissing Snakes array'd  
 The Gods invite, of her Revenge afraid.  
 Next **C E R E S** yellow, Deck'd with Ears of Grain,  
 In Pomp appear'd amidst the splendid Train.  
 Fair **P R I A P U S** fine Dress'd now forward mov'd,  
 And beauteous **F L O R A** by the Gods belov'd.  
 Then shining **P H E B U S** with his glitt'ring Rays,  
 And Sister **L U N A** in the Rear Displays.  
 Harmonious **P A N** th' assembly here Elates,  
 And the great Cavalcade young **A M P H I O N** com-  
 (pleats.

These **C U P I D**'s Guests, and thus appear'd in }  
 (State, }  
 With num'rous others tedious to relate,  
 In stately Hall immeasurably Great ; }

The



The Furniture here made of Massy Gold,  
 Hard is the task its Grandeur to unfold,  
 Each Table, Stand, and Drawer thither brought,  
 And weighty Dish of fineness Metal wrought;  
 Here Sweetmeats, Jellies, Soops delicious made  
 Compos'd the Grand Repast, in order laid,  
 Th' extensive Table decently o'erspread.  
 At upper end in Rusty Elbow Chair  
 Sat down the mighty J U P I T E R with care;  
 On his Right Hand bright J U N O had a place,  
 A P O L L O on his Left sat with a grace;  
 The other Gods and Goddeses were Lower  
 On Stools in order equal to their Pow'r:  
 Thus Rang'd, the Ruling God at once begun,  
 And on the Soops fell lustily each one;  
 God C U P I D waiting with a num'rous Crew  
 Of *Nymphs* and *Cupids* young here not a few,  
 The Heav'nly *Nectar* freely they hand round,  
 Th' Etherial Guests in Gluttony abound;

Each

Each God his Health in Bumper drank a-pace  
 To Kings Terrestrial, to all Humane Race,  
 Great *Albion's* first ( then from their Seats arose )  
 Went joyous round, none here the Health oppose.

The Meal now o'er fat BACCHUS lent his aid,  
 A Tun of Wine to the Great Hall convey'd,  
 And sportive grown, the Gods were all profuse  
 Of Wine superior to *Burgundian* Juice ;  
 Th' unweildy Vessel Jovial B A C C H U S strides,  
 His fam'd Attendants to the Runlet guides ;  
 At length the Gods with Vinous Liquor rais'd,  
 The Feast commended, and the Wine now prais'd,  
 Forbids in haste the mighty J O V E the Cup,  
 A Dance enjoyns, then instantly stood up  
 The Heav'nly Tribe, in Couples soon were form'd,  
 (Each Breast with Juice of BACCHUS equal warm'd)  
 Each Goddess there a Partner had assign'd  
 But black N E M E S I S, none to her enclin'd;

The

The brisk and nimble M E R C U R Y advanc'd  
 With Airy V E N U S there a Minuet Danc'd;  
 The rest in Rural Dancing soon begun,  
 Their Legs they shak'd 'till all were weary grown.

The time of Rest now come, inspir'd with Love,  
 Each God to seize his Partner Manful strove;  
 Briskly anew the Bumper Glas pursu'd,  
 The larger Vessel with the Wine renew'd:  
 Some Kifs and Bill, and others Lifeless lay,  
 On spacious Flore unseemly some display;  
 Fair J U N O, N E P T U N E striving to salute,  
 There strait arose with J U P I T E R Dispute,  
 Tumultuous strife, began a doubtful Fight;  
 Cornuted were some Gods this luckless Night.  
 The Lucid Orbs o'erspread with Sable Gloom,  
 Some inauspicious met a deadly Doom;  
 The God of War ran drunken B A C C H U S through,  
 A dreadful Rage was seen on ev'ry brow;

Amidst



Amongst the blended Throng, a Rushing flood,  
 Some on the Flore lay weltring in their Blood ;  
 The Acolastick Gods impetuous were,  
 And Conquer'd all by th' Heroine J U N O near ;  
 Th' enrag'd N E M E S I S threw her fatal Dart,  
 It reach'd the God A P O L L O 's fainting Heart ;  
 The mighty Chief a long time did Contend  
 The Tide to stem, least now his Empire end :  
 Amidst the Bustle, direful, here alas !

D I A N A 's Ravish'd by the Pow'rful M A R S ;  
 The Ruling J O V E by N E P T U N E 's Trident fell'd, }  
 To strokes redoubl'd He's oblig'd to yield ; }  
 And to the Rebels Arms is J U N O fair compell'd. }  
 Beneath the Board lay J U P I T E R a space,  
 Then tristful rose, expos'd his mangl'd Face,  
 Sparkles his Eyes, and Darting fluid Fire,  
 His Sense resumes, the Combatants retire ;  
 In Sanguine Gore his Head and Cheeks, for Peace  
 His Voice exalts, aloud, the Batt'lings cease ;

Th' avenging God call'd Legions to his aid ;  
 Appall'd with Fear, nought by the Crowd is said,  
 Of ÆGEAN the Inferiors were afraid ;  
 He loud proclaims ( each one obedient Nods )  
 Prohibits thence all Revels with the Gods.

So in the Courts of Princes here below  
 The mighty Pow'rs intestine Discords know ;  
 On joyous Mirth a fatal Rage attends,  
 Our greatest Grief with greatest Pleasure blends ;  
 Nor Vertue, Wisdom, from the Danger free,  
 Unmerited, these first *shall* Victims be ;  
 Still pompous Strifes Confusions dire arise,  
 A Faction soon best Rulers can despise.





T H E

## Play-House ;

A

## S A T Y R.

**T**O famous *Drury-Lane* and *Lincolns-Inn*  
 My Muse Repair, in Satire now begin,  
 Inspect the Gay and Fam'd Assemblies there,  
 Their stately Pride and Follies make appear.  
 Here a *Stage-Box* you see compleatly stor'd  
 With rich *Brocades* by Females still ador'd,



An empty Pate with Peruke to the Waste,  
 Each Coat Embroider'd fine, or richly Lac'd ;  
 The Rake of Noble Blood here spends his Life,  
 And fearless Courts a Duke or a Lord's Wife:  
 Amidst this Crowd my Lady makes a show  
 With Patch and Paint, excels the sprightly Beau,  
 Expos'd her Breasts, her Ears with Jewels grac'd,  
 On her fine Fingers, *Briliant Diamonds* plac'd ;  
 Her Watch with Trinkets, costly *Rubies* deck'd,  
 The common Toys she'll scornfully reject,  
 She's Nice, Affected, tosses up her Head,  
 Her Converse here on Fav'rite *Vene* dead,  
 How Vap'rish Lady had Repose last Night,  
 What noted Scandal this Day's brought to light,  
 Whether this Patch is right, the Eyebrows neat,  
 In order her fine *Mechlin* Head-dress set ;  
 For prating *Poll* enquiry's made at last,  
 What *Tea* this Morn sat best upon the Taste ;

How early first her Ladyship arose;  
 What lovely Fruits are in the Play-house chose:  
 This the whole Converse by the Fair desir'd;  
 The Play proceeds, each airy Part admir'd,  
 By this alone the Female Breast's inspir'd.

The' fam'd *Side-boxes* next I take in view;  
 Here Beauties meet Admirers to subdue;  
 With open Breast a Lord of Sixty here:  
 In awkward Dress a Country 'Squire is there  
 An aged Lady with her Bosom bare:  
 Here a young PHILLIS fondly heaves her Breasts;  
 With pleasing Smile her distant Lover feasts.  
 So when a Royal *Aviary* is shewn  
 The stately *Swan* extends his milky Down,  
 With Pride he bridles, wafts him to the Land  
 The Praise of all Spectators to command.  
 Of stiff and airy Females here's a store,  
 The Prude, Coquet, the Courtesan, and Whore:

Here

Here Beaus and Rakes amidst the Fair Ones sit,  
 Some frown, some smile, some bow and low submit  
 The Golden Snuff-Box offer'd to each Fair,  
 On Diamond Ring, the Hand toss'd with an Air;  
 Employ'd the Females Fan with equal Care.

In ope *Side-box* embolden'd Rakes compel  
 A wistly Look, from fairest Females steal;  
 A while they gaze, admire, and then Revile,  
 On Females ne'er before seen, rudely smile.

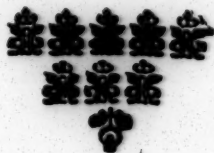
In vacant place behind the painted *Scene*,  
 In glitt'ring Dress young Beaus are frequent seen,  
 The first day's wear rich Suits are amply shewn,  
 With Lace bedawb'd the Soldier here is known;  
 Sometimes a Lord is by the Audience ey'd,  
 All stand the House's Hiss to shew their Pride.



Next o'er the *Pit* I cast a curious Eye;  
 Here Rakes and Whores, spruce 'Prentices I 'spy,  
 In view a Clown, and near a gaping Wit,  
 Here a fly Bawd, and there a flyer Cit;  
 The rich Mechanick with a Look demure  
 And Spoufes airy of Gallants secure;  
 The wanton Female hither oft repairs,  
 Improves in Dress, assumes the Courtly Airs;  
 Here Secrets to each Fair the Rake imparts,  
 Are easy learnt the dear Cornuting Arts;  
 With lusty Swain a Female's feldom cloy'd,  
 The Miser's Pelf for Pleasure here employ'd,  
 To Tavern takes the Rake his lovely Dame,  
 Performs his utmost to allay her Flame,  
 Tho' *Husband like* he still comes off but lame.  
 Apprentice Youths for Pleasure here purloin  
 Their Masters Wares, and rob them of their Coin,  
 Plunder unknown the Counter and the Box  
 To gain a Female, — oftentimes a Pox.

From

From hence the lofty *Gallery's* in view,  
 Where Waiting Maids are seen in Dresses new,  
 Of lower Rank the Citizen here too ;  
 The tender Female easy you may know,  
 In Tragick Strains, alas ! her Tears o'erflow,  
 Sometimes descends a briny Stream below.  
 From hence, as if *Mount Helicon* was near,  
 And the Nine Muses Residence had here,  
 Is early clap'd each famous Speech aloud  
 By Footmen, Beaus, and a promiscuous Crowd,  
 Each one his Verdict freely here may give  
 To none the Fate of *MIDAS* will survive ;  
 The Poets still the Galleries obey,  
 Supported here, or Damn'd, is every Play.





THE  
COUNTRY REVEL:  
A  
PASTORAL.

*Collin, Numphy, Bumkin, Crabbinol, Elizabeth,  
Rosiana.*

---

COLLIN.

**E**RE in the Morn the glifs'ning Sun did sheen,  
Or buxom *Cic'ly* Milch'd her sporting Keen,  
*Bumkin* I \* ken'd in yon far distant Land,  
In *Sunday's* Cloths bedeck'd, he made a stand,

---

\* Discover by the Eye.

F

Cockt



Cockt his White Hat, and Neckloth hanging down, With  
 His Leather Doublet with plate Buttons on, A M  
 Worsted his Hose, his upper Garment Freeze, In h  
 Fine Point in Shun, and Ribbon at his Knees; But  
 Then \* deftly ran with *Elzabeth* to play, In S  
 I † deem the buxom Maid will rue this day. No

## R O S I A N A.

§ Eftsoons I Rose, † scant had I up'd so rear,  
 But in the West I saw the ‡ Welkin clear;  
 Spruce *Elzabeth* I in yon Field espied  
 With Hat of Straw Red Ribbon in it ty'd,  
 Her Smock was Snowy white, her Kerchief clean,  
 With Gown † bedight, hightwaggish look'd the quean  
 Her Fazen sheen'd like Glafs in Windows bright,  
 Her Cheeks leek Roses mix'd with Lilly white,

\* Nimble.

† Guess.

§ Very soon.

† Scarce.

‡ The Sky, or a Cloud; a *Saxon* Word.† Set in order; likewise an old *Saxon* Word.

With crop ear'd Quaif around her lovely Head;  
 A *Muslin* Apron down afore bespread;  
 In her white Bosom loose a Nosegay lay,  
 But sweeter's *Elza*. than the Flowers of *May*;  
 In Shoes of wooden Heels were \* Claps's seen,  
 No good will tend this mighty pudder I † ween.

## C R A B B I N O L.

No Cock had crow'd, ne tender Lambkin play'd,  
 Iken'd young *Numphy* in fine Vest array'd;  
 With Cudgel trudg'd along, to Revel bent,  
 No louting Fiz, he look'd unusual ‖ Queint,  
 The blithsome Boy fair *Elza*. likewise Courts,  
 For her at ev'ry Revel *Numphy* sports;  
 He'll Joke, and Jest, and Crack, for Manhood try,  
 Leek any Courtier Fawn, Dissemble, Lie;

---

\* In the West Country, Buckles are call'd Claps's.

† Think, or Conceive.

‖ Arch or Waggish. *Chaucer*.

In pleasant \* guise a Sonnet sings the Swain,  
 This Youth by far the sprucest of the twain;  
 'Twixt these two Lads how will the Maiden play,  
 I wot she'll cry alack and well-a-day.

## C O L L I N.

Let *Bumkin* and the Bitchfom *Numphy* fight,  
 For *Elizabeth* in her fine Cloths bedight,  
 Sweet *Rosian's* Love is *Collin's* only care,  
 I Love thee more than Dad or Mamma Dear,  
 Than *Hobian's* Dame her Geese or youngling Pigs,  
 Than Yearlin † Bearn's love Sugar, Cake, or Figs,  
 Than 'Squire *Bumkin* his fine Deftest Horse,  
 I'll take *Rosiana* better or for worfe.

---

\* Manner.

† An *Irish* Word for Children.



## R O S I A N A.

See yon clear \* Reen on th' other side behold  
 There Keen and Swine full Twenty now are told,  
 Of Grain I've late a hundred Bushels grown  
 And twenty Strikes of Wheat and Rye now sown,  
 A Flock of Lambkins, Ews, eke Weathers store,  
 Twain Geldings, and of craking Geese a Score;  
 Let *Collin* plight his Troth, and make a Rout,  
 Sure all my Wealth ne'er Weds to such a Lout?  
 Withouten † Meed, a Wight, a Blunderbus,  
 Why does young *Collin* now prick forward thus?

## C O L L I N.

My *Rosian* dear, tho' Riches I have none,  
 My Love embrace, or in yon Broke I drown,  
 True Love exceeds mehap the Miser's Coin,  
 'Tis that alone blithe Pleasance will enjoyn;

---

\* A small Brook.

† Fame or Renown.

Let now *Rosiana* wistful look on me  
 And fill my Breast with fondest Lover's † glee,  
 Or lend your Garters, on yon spreading Oak  
 I'll listless hang, if *Rosian* still provoke.

R O S I A N A.

Away ye Lout, consent I you shall hang,  
 Ere you shall want I'll find a lusty Strang ;  
 Tho' by your Courage many a Maiden's won  
 I shall not put the Marriage Shackles on,  
 I wot ye think I now shall wed an Oaf  
 Away will \* gee my Wealth become a Scoff,  
 Like Folkes at Court with you in haste take up  
 Ere Wedding Night give *Collin* a Grace Cup:  
 Cease *Collin*, cease, aside thy Courtship lay,  
 Here what the buxom *Elizabeth* can say.

---

† Joy, deriv'd from a *Dutch* Word.

\* A Word us'd in the Country for give.

## ELIZABETH.

This Morning \* rear, *Jenkin*, the Lad confound,  
 Put my twain fav'rite Bullocks in the Pound,  
 My hoddy Dame eftsoons requir'd 'em bock  
 Whilst I in Dumps all Day have been on Wrack;  
 My troublous Breast is fill'd with deadly Pain,  
 My Heart will burst, O! it will rend in twain.

## N U M P H Y.

My youngling † Bollocks in their steads impound  
 They'll then no longer feed in Neighbor's Ground,  
 Ne Gambol in the Vill, no Yoke require,  
 They'll, certes, there be deeply in the Mire:  
 But hold, the Sports of Revelling commence,  
 See all the Plays with Pleasance now from hence.

---

\* Early.

† Bullocks are call'd Bollocks in *Glocestershire*.



## CRAEBINOL.

See on the Green in tidy Dress around  
 The lofty *May-Pole*, \* deffest Dancers found ;  
 There's *Lubberkin*, and *Joan*, delightful *Kate*,  
 With Fiddle, Strum, and squeaking Flagelet ;  
*Kate's* Petticoat, leek Lady's stretches wide,  
 Half way her Leg, ye 'spy on either side ;  
*Joan's* Cloaths leap up, her Scarlet Hose I see,  
*Kate's* lilly Skin I ken above her Knee.

## BUMKIN.

See *Gambol's* Arms *Aurelia* Fair furround  
 His Vest and Clothers fine cost many a Pound,  
 In filken Gown the wanton Girl is clad,  
 Enough to charm a Prince she looks, egad,  
 Her Bosom ope, leek Maidens of the Town,  
 See how her snowy Breasts hang dangling down :

---

\* Nimblest, Briskest.

Whitepot and *Christmas* Chear on Table spread,  
 Fat Hams of Swine with Rosemary inlaid ;  
 Cakes stor'd with Plumbs and fine sweet nutmeg'd Ale  
 O'er Spruce *Aurelia* instantly prevail :  
 O how the Lad Disports and Plays, and Bills;  
 No Doubt, young *Gambol* now her Belly fills:

## R O S I A N A.

How gay young *Lobbin* there the Cart-whip snaps  
 (He'll use the Plough and Goad, fill Hedges Gaps,  
 Thrash Wheat and Rye, all Grain win in the Barn;  
 To Reap and Mow none here the Lad can learn.)  
 Hark ! loud he Whistles for the Ploughman's Prize;  
 On his great Meed a Damsel there relies;  
 Some happy Maid I wist shall *Lobbin* wed,  
 His Pipe will charm, and \* vite one to the Bed.

---

\* An Abbreviation of the Word *Invite*, us'd in *Somersetshire*,  
 and many Parts of *England*.

## N U M P H Y.

See on a Stool a Maiden raised high  
 And Lubber Wight aloft there standing by,  
 Quaint *Sonnets* sing, fine *Madrigals* I ween  
 Of *Wantley's* Dragon, *Rosamond*, *Shore's Jean*;  
 Fair *Elizabeth* is *Rosamond* to me,  
 Let me now kiss, this Night King *Harry* be.

## B U M K I N.

Yon *Hob* and *Toby* tuffle on the Green,  
 \* Erst were they taught the Art of Wrestling clean,  
 See *Toby's* Head adown upon the Grass,  
 His Heels perl high into the Air, alas!  
 Should *Elizabeth* now fall aliken he,  
 I her sit-down — and something else should see —

## C R A B B I N O L.

—— I ken a Smock bedight with Cobweb Lace  
 Amidst the Crowd, on Pole, hang with a grace ;

---

\* Sometime ago.



Twain Virgins there appear upon the Plain  
 For lovely Prize, see how they run amain ;  
 Gazing each Youth the dextly Maids pursue,  
 In Breath they still the lusty Swains outdoe.

N U M P H Y.

See vent'rous Lads with Cudgels in the Air  
 Lay round each one, sad Bruises never fear ;  
 See how the Blood spins out from *Toby's* Brain,  
 The lab'ring Weapons broken are in twain ;  
 For Silver Bowl *John* ventures there his Head,  
 His Danger moves the Breast of ev'ry Maid :  
 I'll doff my Vest and Doublet eke throw by  
 And lusty *Bumkin's* mettle I'll now try ;  
 Behap what will I'll for my Sweetheart hight,  
 Try on the Green my overcoming Might :  
 The Man shall now to *Elizabeth* be shown,  
 And which deserves the fair Maid for his own.  
 I'll strait advance, the sturdy Lad desie, ———

## CRABBINOL.

And I'll your Second be altho' I dyc.

## ELZABETH.

Beware young *Numphy*, see the Cudgels fall,  
Amidst the Crowd behap you'll lose your All;  
I'll gang along, not lag, it's Three a-clock,  
Ere *Numphy* gains the Cup, I'll win the Smock.

## COLLIN.

*Rosiana*, now the spying Guests be gone  
We'll to a Booth hye 'till the Sun's adown,  
We'll Sack and Sugar quaff, be cheary still,  
In plenty batten there our Stomachs fill,  
Around sweet *Rosian's* Wasse let *Collin* cling,  
And a *Love Sonnet* to my fair Maid sing.  
I'll dally, kiss those Lips, with *Rosian* play,

## ROSIANA.

I'll put my blithsome *Collin* in the way.





# A T A L E,

In Imitation of

Mr. *Prior's* Earl *Robert's* *Mice*.

**I**N Halcyon Days when ANNA Reign'd,  
 And Wealth and Pow'r her Subjects gain'd ;  
 Twain Lads to Law were plac'd Abroad  
 In a fair Town near Western Road,  
 To Aged Wight of wond'rous skill  
 In Law, and all relates to Quill :  
 A *Tory* one, but free from fault,  
 A Rigid *Whig* the other thought ;  
 The *Whig* still deem'd a Godly Saint,  
 The *Tory* brisk, facete, and quaint.

They



They amicably liv'd a while,  
 Each other gave alternate Smile ;  
 But Envy still the Bane of Friends,  
 The harmony of Converse rends.

Erst both they labour'd at the Desk,  
 'Till on a Day a fam'd Burlesque  
 On *Hudibras* the *Tory* wrote,  
 Then rais'd his Lyre to nobler Note ;  
 He Verses made at Sweethearts call,  
 And many a Lover's Madrigal,  
 Eftsoons a blithsome Wight become  
 In Humour gay, oft gang'd from home ;  
 A while he Studied Comic Plays,  
 And gain'd a skill in Roundelays :  
 But first he divers Books fet forth  
 In guise commendable, of Worth,

The Law in weighty Points explain'd,  
 By famous *Bibliopole* retain'd ;  
 From troublous Thoughts the Lad was free,  
 'Till now he knew no want of glee.

The *Whig* a cunning Wight, was prone  
 To Hypocrite, excell'd by none ;  
 Abstruse his Acts tho' Practice great  
 In fam'd Intrigues he'd Recreate,  
 Could Cant and Lie, eke Pray and Swear,  
 To Mattins go in Morning rear,  
 To Bawdy-house at Night betake,  
 Yet still a Saint for Partie's sake.

By *Whig* the *Tory's* envied long,  
 For Writing Book and airy Song,  
 Lucif'rous Neighbours told in spight  
 That he's a Disaffected Wight,

The Cause set forth in mighty plaint,  
 He Voted for Church Parliament,  
 At least th' Pole-Book he did Scribble,  
 Alas! a Crime indelible.

Scant had the Lad twain years surviv'd,  
 But Tales a store then false contriv'd,  
 His Meed in Country did subdue  
 And genius sprack uncommon too.  
 So tender *Plants* with Trees o'erspread,  
 By Droppings soon grow Faint and Dead.

This cruel usage hard to brook,  
 Long suffer'd, then this course he took,  
 He farwell wrote to Lads around  
 Full many a Line and welly-bound;  
 For *London's* Town then Deftly came,  
 Depending there to raise his Fame.

But



But Malice still purfu'd the Wight,  
 He liv'd not long from Envies fight,  
 By fatal Jeft his Friend he loft,  
 He ftill Writes on, alas to's coft !  
 At Poetry now labours hard,  
 A Volume has Compos'd the Bard,  
 A Comedy befides has done  
 Engag'd this Seafon to come on ;  
 Be liberal to his new Play,  
 Or 'gad the Wight muft run away.

Still in mean time the Lad abfconds  
 T'avoid the peft of dang'rous Duns ;  
 His Broad-Cloth Coat is thread-bare worn,  
 His Ruffles Lac'd are rent and torn,  
 His Hat is rufty grown, and lean  
 His Cheeks, no Curl in Peruke feen ;  
 No Tavern knows, ne Girl delights,  
 To pleafance nought the Lad excites,

His Wit has brought him to the pinch  
Of Ruin, yet he cannot flinch ;  
Whil'st his Cotempore lives in State,  
No Wit Disturbs his gloomy Pate.



LOVE,



# LOVE, An ODE.

## I.

**L**OVE all-powerful still inspires  
 A Wanton Breast with new desires,  
 The fair and beauteous Heav'nly Dames  
 The whole Universe can set in Flames ;  
 At once the greatest Sense confound,  
 A Thoughtless Swain in ev'ry part with ease can  
 wound.

As Musick charms the longing Ears,  
 The Eye a Beauty still reveres,  
 Each Breast it strikes, it large and deep Impression  
 makes,



Not *Aetna's* Forge is near so warm  
 As Love when fix'd on beauteous form,  
 In Danger's all like stately Vessels in a Storm ;  
 The senseless Wretch it pow'rfully awakes.

## II.

No Limits can Love's Passion hold  
 Where the young Swain is brisk and bold;  
 It wounds the reason of the Soul,  
 No power on Earth can force of Love controul:  
 Kings it makes Slaves, and Subjects free,  
 When *Cupid* Rules such is the fatal Destiny.  
 The happy Youth is blooming Swain  
 Who lives and dies on rural Plain ;  
 The Beauteous Dame in gay and splendid Court will  
 shun,  
 The Man of Sense she'll soon despise,  
 Look on the Rake with longing Eyes,  
 Who Drinks and Whores, ne'er ceasing Chats, and  
 Swears, and Lies,  
 By such alone are greatest favours won.

## III.

## III.

But Innocence attends the Lass  
 That in the Country Life does pass ;  
 When Fifteen Years she calls her own  
 Her Breasts and ev'ry part then fully grown,  
 Each Swain is ogl'd with Desire  
 And ev'ry Day she Fuel adds to *Cupid's* Fire.  
 Of Love all Night she'll dream with joy,  
 In Nuptial Tales the Day imploy,  
 She'll talk and read, her pretty heaving Breasts  
 will glow ;  
 She'll meet her youthful Lover's Kifs  
 Longing alas ! to know the Bliss,  
 Tho' Maiden Treasure, her dear Virgin Toy, she miss,  
 With sprightly *Collin* to the Fields will go.

## IV.

No Age nor Sex, from Love is free,  
 The hoary Head in Love may be ;

Deformity

Deformity ev'n be admir'd,

And Beauty is not constantly desir'd :

Sometimes the homely Swains prevail  
When blooming Charms in all their Pride and  
Glory fail.

By Hair all sorts is Love amus'd,

Brown, Auburn, Yellow not refus'd ;

Skins White and swarthy, Eye Black or Gray, all  
powerful prove ;

The soft Waste, if young, belov'd,

When slender Form is disapprov'd,

By Mar'line Front the airy Beau is sometimes mov'd,

When *Venus* fails, so strange uncertain's

Love.

V.

Love makes the tender Virgin pale,

Bemoan her Case in lonely Vale ;

Alternate Blush her Cheek gives Fire

Her Beauty then the sporting Swains admire ;

She'll



She'll sigh and wish for Wedding Night,  
And nought but *Collin* brisk can give her Soul delight.

The Love-sick Swains stamp, curse, and swear,

If miss the Maid, sink in Dispair;

Some cross the Main, like *Aeneas* toss'd, to lose  
her Name,

In Sea of Drink forget the Woe,

Whilst some to rigid *Bedlam* go,

Tho' still in vain, in Memory she's grafted so,

Enjoyment only can allay the Flame.

## VI.

For Love the Swain can fawn and lye,

In cheating with the Statesman vie;

Like *Alexander* Fight pursue

And ev'ry Part of the great World subdue;

Lay all Things waft with Martial Air,

To gain Possession of one lovely heav'nly Fair.

No Lock can force of Love confine !

It is a Cause and Flame Divine ;

No

No glitt'ring Coin, nor wakeful Parents can  
recall

Love from a Female Breast when there  
In vain will be the greatest Care,  
To check the Flame like River swift, you'll soon  
dispair ;  
It is a Passion just and natural.





A

# Love SONG.

I.

**F**Air *Silvia*, now Time is our own,  
To yon Grove let us speedy retire;  
We'll there sport and there play,  
Don't, my *Silvia*, say nay :  
O *Cupid*, her Breast now inspire.

II.

The World we'll contemn and its Care,  
Its Riches and Grandeur disdain ;  
If my *Silvia* be kind,  
Enrich'd is my Mind,  
My Breast then is free from all Pain.

I

III.



## III.

The Merchant may venture for Coin  
 Unthinking, to plough the Seas wide,  
     Let my Lips my Dear kifs,  
     And partake of the Blifs,  
 On Earth I want nothing beside.

## IV.

Town Rakes Constitutions can risk,  
 Dear Variety always adore ;  
     But Fair *Silvia* alone  
     Now I wish for my own,  
 I desire beyond her no more.

## V.

Let the Sons of God *Bacchus* carouse,  
 Sweet Converse the worldly desire,  
     These I quit for my Fair,  
     Neither Hope nor Dispair,  
 Her Sense I shall always admire.

## VI.

## VI.

Dear *Silvia* we'll yonder resort,  
With Love we'll there feast and delight;  
We'll there talk, Kifs, and toy,  
And each other enjoy,  
In my Arms thou shalt lie all the Night.





A

## *Simile on Malicious Flattery.*

**A**S when the noble *Pheasant* in the Wood  
To Sportsman's Call, forsakes the infant  
Brood,

The warbling Noise soon imitates her own,  
To find a Mate, in haste she flutters down,  
Dissembl'd Voice, alluring from on far,  
Her ebbing Life in vain recalls its Care;  
She struggling yields to the destructive Snare.  
So in the World, the Man with Merit bless'd,  
By Friends is less than by his Foes carefs'd;  
Ambitious Knaves and Flatterers assume  
Fine Soothing Praises, work about your Doom;  
Still speak as you, and with mysterious Art  
They find Access to Secrets, you impart,  
And then with Envy stab ye to the Heart.





A Translation of the Xth ODE;  
in the Second Book of *Horace*.

*Rectius vivas* Licini, &c.

**L**ive we must all, and all would live well too,  
Tho' the sure Rules are known but to a few;  
'Tis best not far to venture in the deep,  
Nor fearfully near dang'rous Shores to creep;  
Aim not too high ( nor basely condescend )  
A sumptuous Table Envy will attend,  
The happy *Mean* a preference commands,  
He that can this attain, securely stands ;  
But you'll not to a filthy Cell resign'd,  
Or in a Princely Seat, this Medium find,

Too

Too Nice for Cot, against the Structure fine,  
 Malicious Winds with greater Rage combine,  
 As proudest Hills in airy Regions high  
 Receive hot Bolts from the red clouded Sky,  
 And tow'ring Pines in height still unconfin'd,  
 Meet the fierce Blasts of ev'ry blowing Wind ;  
 The Ruin large, as lofty they or great,  
 It only serves to make the Fall compleat.  
 The Man who wisely Rules in Station low  
 Above Despair, tho' Fortune be his Foe,  
 He hopes, and still new Hopes each oth'r survive  
 'Till kinder Fate shall him Assistance give ;  
 If then his Fortune chang'd, be heap'd a store,  
 He prudent uses what he miss'd before,  
 With thanks he takes the favours now his own  
 Suspects th' Enjoyment of the kindness shewn :  
 Man's Life in Good or Ill we may compare  
 To Summer's Heat, and Winter's frozen Air :

Happy

Happy is he with Resolution blest,  
 Nor Hopes, nor Fears, prevail within his Breast.  
 By Pow'rs above are Rules unerring made,  
 What's there Decreed, here no one can Evade;  
 Therefore when Fate's unkind, its Laws fulfills,  
 Bear up the more the greater are your Ills,  
 The Tempest Weather, till its Rage be past  
 Assur'd ill Fortune will not always last :  
 But if a Gale of Wind too prosperous prove,  
 Lessen your Sail, in due proportion move.







Part of ODE III. in the 3d Book  
of *Horace*, Translated.

**T**HE Man resolv'd, and Faithful to his Trust  
To Vertue true, still obstinately just,  
Disdains the fury of a Lawless pest,  
Of the rude Rabble, this his constant jest;  
Firm as a Rock he stands, on Truth relies,  
The Tyrant's Frowns can with a Smile despise:  
Nor Whirlwinds, Tempests, fill his Breast with fear,  
The Thunder of th'Almighty J O V E tho' near;  
Should the Etherial Orbs confus'dly fall,  
The whole World crush, and Dash in pieces, All,  
Dauntless would hear the mighty Crack endure,  
Amidst a falling World would stand secure.

F I N I S.



